

## Lucky Seven and Summer Nights by GalekhXigisi

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Bev's dad is his own warning, Fairy Bill Denbrough, Fairy Georgie Denbrough, Georgie Denbrough is Missing, Greed Bill Denbrough, Implied Childhood Sexual Abuse, Oc cameos but they don't matter in the long run, Running Away, Seven Deadly Sins, Shapeshifter Beverly Marsh

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**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough & Georgie Denbrough

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**Summary:**

After the disappearance of the fairy prince, the oldest sets out to find anything he can on Georgie. Along the way, he meets a multitude of tag alongs that will help him solve the mystery of his lost little brother.

Or, the seven deadly sins in It form.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Curiosity killed the cat, perhaps satisfaction will bring it back?

Bill smiles at his brother, painting on the final coat to the miniature boat. "H - here," he says in a soft voice.

The younger boy heaves out a huff, though a smile takes up his features as he accepts the wooden gift Bill had spent hours crafting, the princes both learning to use their powers with the guidance of *The Tree*. Bill was significantly better, but the two had worked together after Bill taught him how to sow cloth. With Georgie learning how to create fabric, he had been ecstatic to put the talent to use.

Georgie sighs softly as the other sniffles. "Are you sure I won't get in trouble, Bill," he asks in an even softer voice, tone worried in a way only children could manage.

Bill easily teases, "Don't be a wu - wuss. S'not like you're running awa - away. You're playing - ing in the rain."

"Yeah, but-

"I'd go but I'm-" he has to pause for a harsh, wet cough that sounds fucking *disgusting*, in both boys' opinions. "-dying."

“You’re not *dying*,” Georgie huffs, his face flushing. “You’re just *sick*.”

“Fair - fairies don’t get *sick*, they *die*.”

The younger boy rolls his eyes and slaps the other’s arm, though it’s playful and has no harmful intent in the least. He waves to the boat with a slight toss of his wrist. “She’s all read - dy, Captain.”

“*She*,” the boy repeats with a confused tone.

“B - B - Boats are she’s,” he clarifies with an interjected smirk.

The younger smiles widely, wrapping his arms around the older prince’s shoulders as he says, “Thank you, Billy.” The older only responds with a tight hug for a moment before pulling away. He turns and smiles, already skipping away. “See ya later,” he calls, “Bye!”

“W - Wait,” Bill calls, the other momentarily stopping for a moment. Bill wipes his nose with his arm and stands, shuffling over to his closet. He pulls it open, pulling one of the hangers out. He smiles as the younger’s eyes light up suddenly.

“*Really*, Bill,” he asks, hopeful as can be.

Bill nods in return, pulling the giant, yellow coat off of the hanger. He presents it to the other, nodding sharply again as he replies, “Y -

Yeah.”

-

*“The prince is missing,”* the forest whispers, their voices staying quiet in fear of the king and queens retaliation. The king had grown stiff and cold while the queen’s mental health was questionable at best. The prince, however, was seeing red every single time he looked in the mirror. At some point, he had punched the mirrors. Shattered pieces still sat along the edge of his bed, yet to be swept away as *The Tree* let it sit, the home of the royal fairies now hallow and lifeless. It sat too quiet as the rain poured and poured. It beat down on the forest without remorse for those who wished for *better*.

*“They say only the older prince’s jacket was found,”* one fairy says to another, perched on the branch of a tree.

The older prince was still seething, constantly doing everything in his power to look for the younger boy. He wanted his brother back. It had become an unhealthy addiction, one that overtook his life far too much, far too harshly. It was unhealthy. Then again, no one could blame him. The home had lost its life and no one had yet found the courage to break the constant silence that invaded the kingdom.

The queen frowns as she knocks on the prince’s door. “Bill, dear,” she whispers softly, that being her only warning as she opens the door. The boy stands there, looking like a deer caught in headlights. However, he was only mistaking the candle lights for headlights. The woman seems to deflate at seeing him with his bags packed, but she smiles softly. “You’re leaving, aren’t you?”

“You wan - wa -want me to stay,” he asks, frowning.

Her eyes twinkle a little as she purses her lips and shakes her head, tears collecting thickly. “Oh, no, baby,” she whispers reassuringly, “You want him back, baby... I won’t stop you, but... Leave before your father finds out, okay?”

He nods, grabbing his bag and moving across the room with a frown. He wraps his arms tightly around the woman, who returns the caring grip with a soft sniffle. “I love you,” Bill whispers.

The queen easily replies as she lets go, “I love you, too, Bill.”

*The Tree* moves with the prince’s wave of his wrist, parting to give an exit to the other. When his foot meets the grass, he feels a burn against his shoulder, the first mark of seven made. Bill doesn’t acknowledge it as the rain heavily falls, though he’d soon come to find the claim of *Greed*, the feline marking up much of his shoulder and arm now.

## 2. Chapter 2

The girl walks through the town with a smile against her lips. She has a cigarette in one hand, a stolen apple in the other. It was practically routine now, just to flirt with the man at the seventh booth, steal a pack of cigarettes and a snack or two, then go about her day like she hadn't been trying to woo an old man who was most likely a pedophile. It wasn't like she couldn't be the woman of his dreams, *really*, but he never needed to know that, not *really*.

She walks along the riverbank with extra pep in her step. She was going to be alone for the rest of the day, her father working late to help pay for her mother's funeral. She didn't miss the woman very much, but she'd never let that spill to her father. She was honestly terrified of the consequences. It was just one of the millions of secrets kept within the home she called her own.

*"The prince is missing,"* the water whispers, a glimpse of a face appearing in the water. With the small glimpse rises a woman, who seems to be holding the arm of a young girl. Beverly acts like she can't hear them, though she can perfectly. She lights the cigarette with a match and pauses her walk. *"They say the fairy prince went rogue after the younger prince's disappearance,"* the woman says to the younger girl, who covers her mouth at hearing the gossip, *"The king isn't taking it too well, either."*

*"What's he doing,"* the young water nymph asks, her hair falling in thick gushes, connecting with her "clothes" like it was nothing.

The older shrugs, *"I'm not sure. The queen hasn't commented and the king is on a rampage for now."*

Beverly continues her walk now, not minding their conversation any more mind than she did the rest of the gossip she heard from the old man at the stand. She didn't even know his name, honestly. She doesn't need to know the nymph's names, either. It would never matter to her in the long run. She plans on making her escape the instant she can get away with it. After all, living among humans was so *boring*. Sure, they had powers of their own, but their bodies were so flimsy and too easy to break.

She hops along the rocks and smiles. Sun shines on her skin, lighting up freckles and placing a halo around the girl's head, her red curls bouncing with her movements. It's a good day, she decides as she makes her way home. The feeling of the warm sun is comforting, even after she slips inside.

The shifter walks through the home, quickly checking to see if her father is home in silence. It was her own protocol. If he ever asked about it, she would say she wanted to know if he was taking a nap somewhere in the home, say that she didn't want to wake him. Truth be told, it was what decided on if she wanted to head back out or stay and relax while she had the free time. She was rarely home, to begin with, but being home alone was a luxury she could rarely afford. As she soon finds, she very much can afford it and plans on spending the day as comfortably as she can.

Beverly feeds the outside cat that she knew lived a couple of streets away, dancing around the house as music plays from the radio orb once belonged to her mother. It's upbeat and catchy. Hell, the song makes her feel lighter than it had in a long time, giving her a feeling of freedom she loved having. The shifter cleans her room and rearranges it a million different times. She cleans the living room, too, just for the Hell of it. When she was alone, she could do anything.

However, being alone could only last for so long, the girl snatching up the orb the instant she heard the keys jingle in the door. Her heart beats in her throat as she watches the light die from it the same exact way it always did. She shoves it in the pocket of her overalls with the other shit she had shoved in there. Her cigarettes had, thankfully, been discarded beneath the loose board in the bathroom where she kept all of her most valued possessions.

“Bevvv,” comes the call of her nickname.

It feels sour, but she responds, “I’m in the kitchen! Cooking!”

Her father walks into the room, heavy boots clattering against the tile. Her body falls into autopilot as soon as his hand touches her hip. The rest of the day feels blank. She doubts she could remember it if she tried.

That night, she sat on the roof, crying the same song she always found herself stuck with. She wanted out of this shitty placement she had been stuck in for months now, technically years if anyone knew her well enough. No one did, though.

She grits her teeth and glares at the ground, knuckles white from just how hard she’s gripping them. She’s fucking *angry*. Her mom was never kind, no, but at least the redhead wasn’t getting felt up every single time she was left alone with her father when the woman was alive. It makes her anger boil even more at the times she remembered her mother never trying to stop it. Sometimes, she wishes she were that woman, turned down by everyone and living life on the edge *constantly*. The woman acted like nothing was wrong, blowing money



and sleeping around and whatever the fuck else.

She wishes she were like the girls at school. None of them ever had to worry about this. They never had to worry about their father's physical contact, never had to worry about what their dead mother would think as they turned down their fathers for the millionth time. Her anger only grows as she thinks about the lip gloss they prickle over getting smudged and the constant preening. She's grown up groomed by the people she wanted to trust.

Her jealousy stews as she thinks about when she tucks her father into bed, the man passed out from a drunken night that went the same as it always did. She's used to it, used to the treatment. Even now, with her place on the roof, she's angry and stewing. She wishes she were like the fucking fairy prince, albeit her circumstances different. She's always thought about fleeing from her family, but her mother always knew how to track her. Now, the woman is gone and her only threat is her bum of a father. Within a spur of the moment decision, she's stuffing everything into her bag and slipping out of the home.

She smiles as she runs beside the river, chasing it. However, she stops as she feels a burn on her chest, frowning down at herself. "What the fuck," she whispers to herself, pulling the edge of her shirt back. Just beneath her collarbone, red marks up her skin, not any larger than her palm. There sits the symbol of a dog. *Envy*, she realizes within an instant, stumbling back as she stares.

A harsh feeling settled in her stomach, happiness ripped away as she realized that this was going to be far from a happy ending for the others that would inevitably be involved. She prays that it's just someone's own power and not life punching her in the throat for existing again. She prays to any of the gods left that it's not real.

She knows it is when she wakes up beneath a tree the next morning, a boy with brown eyes staring at her, confused as he blinked with a tattoo on his own shoulder.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

World building!

Beverly's marking is a dog, Bill's is a cat (if I remember what I put right). Bev is Envy, Bill is Greed with his trademark "weapon" being his yellow raincoat that he lent Georgie and was found without remains. I can't wait to introduce the others with their powers!

Bill is a fairy and Beverly is a shapeshifter. Bev's stuff has a lot to do with plot later on and will interlace with Richie's story at some point. I'm so hyped!!

Up next: Ben!

### **Author's Note:**

The is a mix of Servamps, the netflix show and manga Seven Deadly Sins, the It movies and books, and a couple of other things that I've decided I very much like

Here is my discord! You can see notes, spoilers, thought process, and a lot of other stuff there if it interests any of you!

<https://discord.gg/eGkwayy>